

LEG SHOW!

VOLUME ONE

NUMBER TWO

PRICE: ONE DOLLAR

ADULTS ONLY

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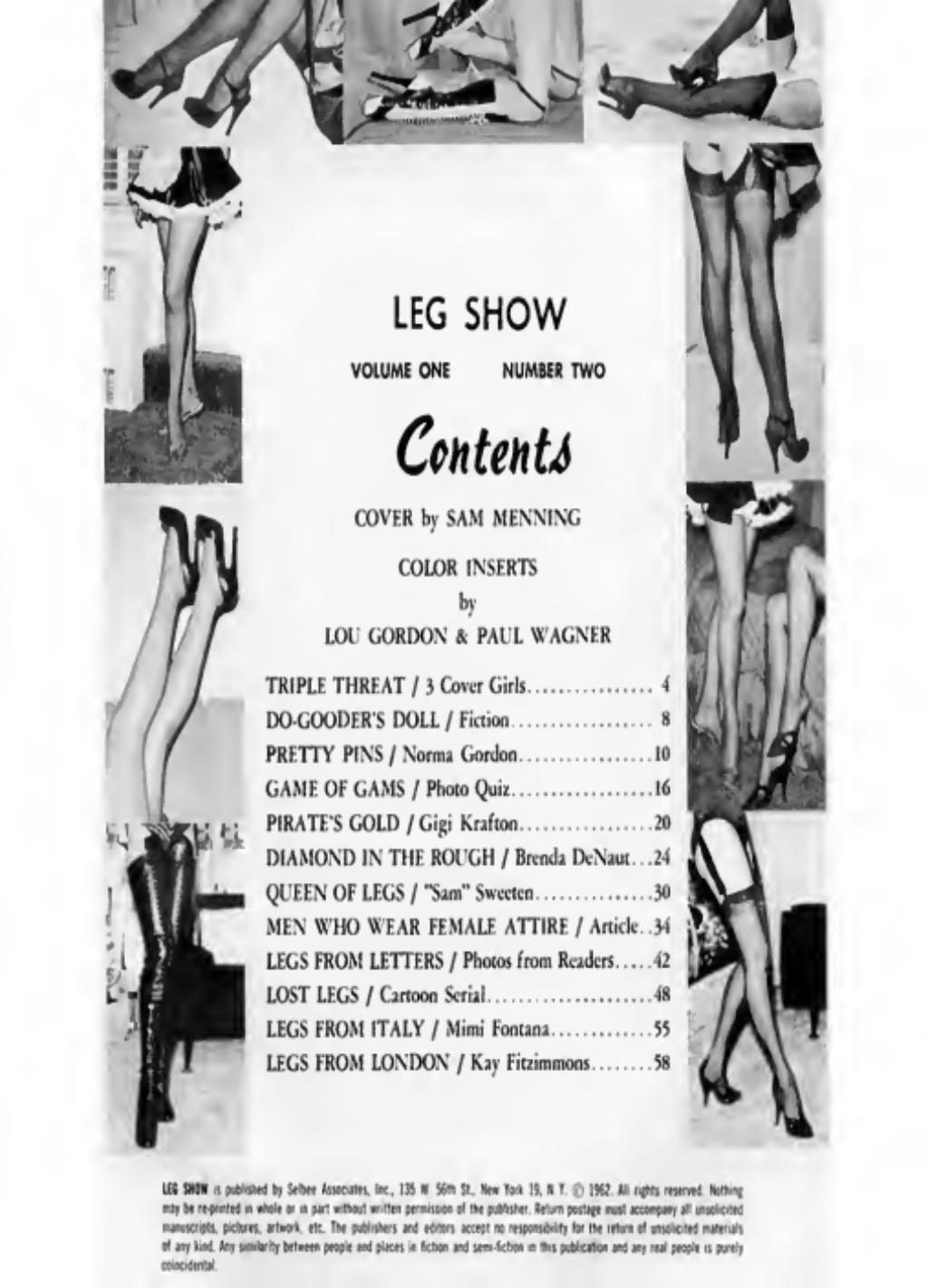


SPECIAL: MEN WHO WEAR FEMALE ATTIRE

Leg Lovers, Unite!

Don't let anybody push you around! You wanted pictures of gals with gorgeous gams, and we gave em to you in the first issue of LEG SHOW. Now, here's the second, chock full of . . . legs, legs, legs!





LEG SHOW

VOLUME ONE NUMBER TWO

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COVER by SAM MENNING

COLOR INSERTS

by

LOU GORDON & PAUL WAGNER

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Triple Threat



LEG SHOW's three exotic cover girls are entirely different types. Sheba Britt (upper left) is the petite curvy blonde who kicked off LEG SHOW NO. 1. Auburn tressed Jackie Miller (above and left) is the most popular pin-up model around, and luscious Anita Ventura (lower right, opposite page) is a statuesque brunette. But all three have one asset in common. That's their lovely...





Anita



Sheba

Besides being successful models, all three of our cover girls are in some phase of show business. In the past year, Sheba Britt has hit the big time as an actress both in TV and motion pictures. Anita Ventura is well known as a strip-tease artist and exotic dancer.



Jackie

Jackie Miller has tasted the beginnings of a successful career as a serious dramatic actress both in motion pictures and television. She is known all over the country by pin-up collectors for her exciting figure posing, but among her close friends she's famed for her clever wit and her stunning wardrobe.



Anita

DO-GOODER'S DOLL

...there wasn't a cover cutie on any one of them that could have held a candle to this disk in the Dior sheath!

A STACK OF A DOZEN or more magazines landed on the counter with the authoritative slap of a beaver's tail on the surface of a placid lake.

"I'll take these," the young lady said, and slid a crisp bill across the slick, colorful cover of the top magazine.

The clerk let out a low whistle, lifted the long green gingerly between his nail-bitten thumb and forefinger, and hurried over to the store manager. The boss glanced quickly from one bill to the customer, then gave the clerk a shove that should have made him slip a disc.

I watch the bug-eyed clerk riff through the stack for prices, then count out about

ninety bucks change to the smartly dressed doll impatiently tapping her long, strong, red nails on the counter top in front of him. She popped the bills into an expensive snakeskin shoulder bag and closed it with a snap that sounded like the action of a well-oiled flintlock musket.

My eyes followed the belle dame's comely derriere. The door closed behind it with a slow pneumatic hiss but didn't silence the sound of her stiletto spikes stabbing the sidewalk outside in a haughty staccato as she strode out of sight. All I could hear after that was my own wild breathing and a pounding somewhere in the mastoid regions back of my ears.

fiction...

by Yancey Crarat



Did I follow her? Get the license number of her car, or the cab she might have taken, so's I could slip somebody a tip to tell me who she was or where she lived? Hell no! In the first place I didn't have the dough to go around passing out fives, or even singles, to find out anything about some fine-feathered quail under glass I probably couldn't get to first base with in the second place. What's more, I had only a half hour for lunch; and a horse's ass of a boss was aching to nail me if I came back late just one more time.

So I stood there for a few seconds, my mind taking a double on what I'd just seen. I was sure the girl hadn't noticed me as she'd come into the store and stepped over to the magazine stand. From the way she was decked out I'd figured on her to latch onto a couple of those chi-chi fashion rags from the first rack. Instead, she marched herself straight to the back and snatched up copies of the men's magazines like crazy — and I mean the kind she picked out were the ones that those blue-nosed regulations ban from the mails. But there wasn't a cover cutie on any one of them that could have held a candle to this dish in the Dior sheath.

She was a gilt-edged blonde with endowments that would have rated as first-class collateral for a lease on the poshest apartment in town. Take my word for it; she had 'em in spades like this joker had never seen dealt to just one woman. And talk about wanting something so bad you can taste it — and not having a Chinaman's chance of even being able to lick her postage stamp for her — I felt like a little kid looking at five-

dollar-a-dozen french pastries with his nose pasted against plate glass half an inch thick.

But I'd really smelled this cream puff as she'd passed me on her way to the counter with her loot of girly books. What I'd caught a whiff of could've cost three figures an ounce. The scent that stunned me, though, like Adam was axed by Eve, was that man-slaying fragrance of girl. The wizard who can find a way of putting that dynamite into a bottle would have a hard time finding banks enough to handle the billions he'd pile up — even after taxes.

When I snapped out of it, I picked up the latest issue of the magazine you're reading right now and took it to the counter. The manager waited on me.

"Just this one," I grinned. "I can't give you the business that last customer can."

"Who's complaining?" he snapped. "Her business I can do without!"

A week later I was having coffee and Danish on my way to work. The guy sitting next to me was reading the morning paper. Just as he was turning the sheet, I slopped half a cup of hot coffee in his lap when I leaned over trying to get a better look at the flipping page.

Outside, I grabbed a copy of the paper at the corner and ran, punching in at eight-thirty on the nose. A minute later I was in the men's room rummaging furiously through the second section. There she was! Right in the middle of the photo. The headline read LOCAL GROUP GUNS NEWS-STAND OBSCENITY. I picked her name out of the caption quick "Miss Lita Curtiss Holt". The rest

were the usual do-gooders.

I felt plenty smug a week later when I was introduced to Lita Holt. It hadn't taken me long to get around one of the other smut hunters. I went into his store, gave him some jazz about wanting to buy one of his oriental rugs, then switched the talk to the right topic. Getting his name into the paper as a high-minded merchant was only one advantage to Henry Hantoot's being president of the Vigilante's Committee for Decent Literature. This haloed position also gave Henry an airtight alibi for amassing one of the most extensive collections of pornography I ever saw. But I digress. Suffice it to say, Hantoot was plenty popular both as president of the V.C.D.L. and as Supreme Pasha of his lodge chapter.

Lest I mislead you into thinking that the Committee was entirely composed of phonies, let me assure you that most of these dear souls radiated sincerity a yard wide through the wool that was being pulled over their eyes. And La Holt didn't seem to be any less dedicated than the rest.

But there had to be a crack in her bulwarks. It simply wasn't reasonable that such a delicious daughter of Aphrodite could be completely distant. On the other hand, it was equally reasonable that no such prize was ever put on this ever-lovin' earth to copulate with the first cat who bristled his rutting whiskers at her.

Strangely, it was one of the circumspect Vigilantes who innocently pointed out my best approach. After a few pious words from Henry Hantoot, I wasn't exactly surprised to hear him call on me to speak.

"Mr. Hanover has joined our group this evening," the rug merchant said. "Because he feels as we do. He has graciously offered to carry a lance in our never-ending crusade to stamp smut from the newsstands of our fair city. I've had the honor to hear some of Mr. Hanover's sterling thoughts about the lecherous pandering of print and pictures we all abominate and abhor. I'm sure Mr. Hanover will be glad to repeat a few of his champion opinions. Fellow members, I give you Mr. Raymond Hanover."

There was a rustle of skirts and a shifting of thick-soled brogans as the Vigilantes wriggled around in their seats and fixed their steady eyes on me. Nobody had to tell me that now was the time to testify.

"Good people," I began, "I am basically opposed to unmitigated censorship."

The ticking of the cuckoo clock on the wall sounded like a neurotic metronome behind a bullhorn.

"But!" I continued. "I am adamant for decency!"

"Hear! Hear!" Hantoot hollered.

"When I was a young lad," I went on. "I unfortunately came into possession of one of those dirty little magazines which, whether we like it or not, appeal to the baser natures of some men. Now, this filthy little book had pictures which I choose not to dwell on in mixed company. Also, it was riddled with nasty, revolting, four-letter words. I learned them rapidly. I repeated them. I might have gone on looking and learning and ended up, if you'll pardon the expression, hell only knows where. By some fortuitous circumstance, however, my father

overheard me utter one of the foul expressions and, immediately, I got my first taste of necessary and fearless censorship, a cake of lye soap shoved unceremoniously into my unclean buccal cavity."

"Oh, no!" shrieked Yelda Groat, the Committee's secretary. "Scaping your mouth would have been sufficient!"

Right at that moment, I was looking straight at Lita Holt. Her full, red lips flashed into a split-second smile, then straightened. Before I finished my heroic discussion of as many facets of the subject as I dared, I managed to make that smile appear a few more times. By the time the meeting broke up, I'd been assigned to a task force to collect evidence from certain newsstands and stores not yet canvassed by the Committee. I was to drive Miss Holt and Yelda Groat around the outskirts of the city and report with my fellow scavengers at the next meeting.

The evening of our smut-hunting tour we had visited the last victim's store when I suggested stopping off for soft drinks and sandwiches. Somehow, a few minutes after finishing her orange soda, Yelda suffered a sudden spasm of cramps and had to be taken home in a hurry.

"Poor Yelda," Lita said. "She gets so upset by our work sometimes. And we forgot to leave her some of these magazines. She'll be over to pick them up tomorrow, though, I'm sure. She's not one to forget her share of the reviewing duties."

"It's enough to turn one's stomach," I replied, pulling my '52 Chevy up to the curb in front of the apartment house where Lita lived. "May I help you carry the magazines?"

"C'mon up," she said, casually. "I'd like to ask you a few questions."

As soon as I sat down in Lita's livingroom, she tossed our evening's loot on my lap.

"I want your honest opinion of these," she announced. "And you'd better level with me. I can spot a faker a mile away."

Sweat popped out of me in all the places where a man will ooze at a time like that. I wasn't dealing with the dear Vigilantes now. I was being put on the rack by a chick who hadn't missed a single wise crack I'd shot over their heads for her benefit — only she wasn't smiling now.

"What did you put in Yelda's drink?" she demanded.

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DO-GOODER'S DOLL



"Yelda's drink?" I echoed.

"You heard me!" she let it come out hard and slow. "You must think you've been pretty clever, scheming to get up here with me alone. But you've got some talk explaining to do and it had better be good. I'll make some lemonade while you think of something to say for yourself."

My tongue shriveled at the thought of the sour juice about to spurt from the lemons in Lita's twisting hand on the squeezer. Yet I couldn't help admiring the way she let her heavenly hips have their way as she paraded toward the kitchen. When she gave me a quick glance from the doorway, I had my nose in one of the magazines. I knew that whatever I'd have to say for myself when she came back would have about as much chance as a wet worm in a bucketful of salt.

This gorgeous mao-eating harpy was too sharp to be snowed by any Committee-type talk from me. But where would I get if I gave her a straight pitch and tried to move in under aoy swing she might take at me. Most likely she'd holler "rape!" and I'd wind up in the local deep freeze. A guy could never tell what one of these righteous teasers might take a notion to do for her jollies, especially when she had plenty of money and the local do-gooders on her side.

Back came Lita, carrying a pitcher and a couple of glasses on a tray. My eyeballs all but tripped over themselves when I caught sight of those long-stemmed glasses. Smack dab in the bottom of each one was an olive!

"Well, Mr. Hanover," she said. "Take one and don't dawdle with

it."

Lita flopped into an easy chair across from me. Pretty soon she was fishing in the bottom of her emptied glass for the olive. She was watching me like a hawk. She spat the olive pit into the palm of her hand and kept tossing it up and catching it.

"I'm waiting," she said.

"So what's wrong with pictures of girls?" I snapped. "Maybe some of these photographs wouldn't take any big prizes, but not every dame happens to be as beautiful as you are under that high-priced dress of yours. Who do you think you're high hatting anyhow? At least these girls are trying to please with what they have, and most of them are doing a damn good job! Given a well-stacked girl who's honestly proud of what she's got, the right guy will get terrific results."

Lita got up, poker-faced, and filled our glasses.

"What about the stories?" she asked. "I have a good reason for wanting to know."

The first martini had already gone to work. I let the second one go down slow and easy: just sat there and looked across at Lita where she'd plunked herself down in her chair again. The hem of her dress was hiked well up over her knees and she was letting one of her crossed legs swing lazily. It was a lovely leg. My eyes roved from her trim ankles all the way up her seductive body to her bewitching face. A faint smile teased at the corners of her mouth.

"C'mon, Ray Hanover," she coaxed. "What about the stories?"

"Well," I drawled, with a mock-serious expression. "If you promise not to rat to the Committee. Remember my tender buccal cavity."

Lita's smile burst into full bloom. Her moist tongue drew back behind her parted, dazzling, alabaster teeth. Laughter filled the room as tears squeezed from the corners of her beautiful blue eyes.

"Some of the stories are tripe," I began. "But anyone who knows anything about writing can tell you that much of the best stuff being turned out today, fiction, articles, editorials, is being published in these magazines."

"Go on!" Lita urged, moving up to the edge of her chair. "What's the rest of the picture? What about the opposition, the competition?"

"The do-gooders don't have a chance against this tidal wave," I went on. "If they confined their crusade to outright smut and under-the-counter pornography they'd be in their own backyards where they belong. Most of these clowns do have a healthy interest in these magazines, though, and I don't blame them. Poor Yelda, getting her vicarious jollies by being a task-force volunteer."

"And me?" Lita smiled.

"Well, frankly . . ." I started.

"I'll give it to you straight," Lita interrupted. "I've got money, more than I need, maybe, but I want more, lots more! So when I see something booming, I want in on it. I joined the Committee to get an idea of how the opposition worked. If other groups are even half as helpless as ours, there's nothing to worry about. What chance have they got anyhow? What with Lolita and Lady Chat-terly getting the nod, and Henry Miller's stuff making it through the mails. Being on the Committee also gave me a good chance to survey the men's magazine business in this city. It's even better else-

where.

"All I need is a good editor. You were clever enough at the meeting. I've checked you out since. You've got an underpaid job in a two-bit advertising agency, but you have talent. You have a sharp eye for art and you can judge writing. How about it?"

"Sounds interesting," I said, after a while. "I'll need some time to make up my mind."

"Go to hell!" Lita snapped. "I can get an editor easy enough. It doesn't have to be you. Plenty of men would jump at the chance. Up to now I thought you were a plenty smart operator."

"Up to now?" I frowned.

"That day I flashed the C note when I bought those magazines," Lita said, coming over and sitting down beside me. "You didn't miss a trick. You liked the looks of that century skin, but that wasn't all you liked the looks of. Yet you were smart enough not to try to pick me up. You gave me credit for class by not making any foolish passes. I liked that. I liked the way you went about figuring a way to meet me too. It took brains and effort. You've played your cards perfectly — up to now. What was that crack you made a moment ago about giving a right guy a well stacked girl who's proud of what she's got and he'll get terrific results?"

The magazines went one way and the martini glass the other.

"My mind's made up, partner," I laughed, running an arm around Lita's back until it came out in front of her and my hand held one of her saucy breasts.

She shoved my hand aside and leaped up quick as a cat.

"No you don't!" she cried. "So

you think you have a perfect set-up? a good-looking girl, alone, a couple of drinks, then the usual frivolities, just like that? You really believe in the ideas in those magazines, don't you?"

"You're damned well right I do!" I shouted, getting up and moving toward her. "And you go for them too! You're believing as I am right now, and if you think that you're going to shoot this boy out the door without coming across, you've got another guess coming. What you need is a good . . ."

"Whoa, buster!" Lita laughed, stepping backward neatly. "You do have guts, don't you? Hold your horses for a minute and give me a hand with this zipper."

The sheath slithered to the carpet. Lita kicked it aside and left a trail of shoes, stockings, bras, and panties on her way to the bedroom. Buttons popped from my shirt as I followed her.

"Well, big boy," Lita said low and husky, stretching her luscious body on the big double bed. "If you're going to be an honest editor, let's see you plot me up to a climax good enough for the book."

— THE END —

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In case you were wondering, when she's rehearsing or on stage, Norma wears a leotard or shorts and a blouse to cover her youthful bosom and that firm little derriere.

This was Norma's first attempt at figure posing, like most of Selbee Associates' models, and she loved every moment of it. "It's easier than tap-dancing," said she, "and — cooler!"





Norma Gordon is a photographer's dream, because she can register a different expression as fast as the shutter can click. She can look haughty, sultry, naughty or teasing, but nevertheless, what we like most about her are her — "Pretty Pins!"



THE GAME OF GAMS

A Photo Quiz

A true leg-lover can look at a woman's legs and give a fairly accurate description of her personality. Some experts even claim they can

tell you what, if any, her profession is, her approximate weight and height, and the color of her eyes, no less!



(1)

?



(2)

?

Find out how you rate as a legologist—
match up the gorgeous gams on these pages
with the clues we've supplied.



(3)

?



(5)

?



(4)

?

CLUES

Writer—Alice Denham

Computer Operator—Jennifer Jordan

Female Impersonator—Tanya

Pin-up Model—Jackie Miller

Niteclub Singer—Diane Donald

Show Gal—Baby Lake

Stripper—Hope Diamond

Israeli Soldier—Hannah

Actress—Heather Christie

Sophia Loren's Stand-in—Lyne Carroll

Animal Trainer—Lonnie Young

Hosiery Model—Marion Petty

More Gorgeous Gams On The Next Page!



(6)

?



(7)

?



GUESS

WHOSE?

(8)

?

Hope's? Jackie's?

Diane's?



(9)

?



(11)

?



(10)

?



(12)

?

For the answers
and pictures of these dolls re-assembled, see
pages 46-49.



**Pirate's
Gold**



X

Marks

The

SPOT

!

... hitherto unphotographed GIGI KRAFTON is real buried treasure, unearthed for the first time for the pleasure of LEG SHOW readers ...



The delights of Gigi are manifold —her flawless olive skin, her flashing black eyes, silky raven hair, and full red pouting lips—but most of all, her firm, slim, inviting . . . LEGS!



*Diamond
in the
Rough*





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NEW YORK HAS BEEN KIND TO THE CURVACEOUS MISS DE NAUT. IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES MOST GALS JUST TO FIND AN APARTMENT, SHE'S ALREADY MADE TWO TV COMMERCIALS AND LANDED MINOR ROLES IN SEVERAL DRAMAS.





...TWO BONUS PAGES
FOR THE DIE-HARD
READER WHO STILL
CLAMORS FOR BOSOM
PHOTOS...EITHER WAY,
FROM THE WAIST UP OR
THE WAIST DOWN,
BRENDA DE NAUT HAS
WHAT IT TAKES!





Presenting...

YVETTE
"SAM"
SWEETEN

Miss Leg Show





Queen of Legs

Latin Quarter show gal Yvette Sweeten came by her nickname for a reason that makes her the perfect choice for Miss Leg Show No. 2. The label refers to "Long Sam," the tall leggy character of "Lil Abner" fame. Coming up next is a double page spread of yummy Yvette in gorgeous color . . .







Men Who Wear Female Attire

by L. J. Chieco





A few months ago, while doing some research on the subject of sex in modern society, I had the opportunity of interviewing one of our country's leading psychiatrists. To illustrate some of the points he told me about, he turned on a tape recorder and allowed me to listen to the following unusual passage:

"Whenever possible, I dress in long sheer stockings, usually held in place with a tightly fitted corset. I also wear a bra, usually a blouse and skirt, and of course my high heels . . ."

Was this the admission of a young lady?

No. These were the words of a middle-aged *man*! — A cross-dresser, or *transvestite*.

There are persons, now and then, who masquerade in the clothing of the opposite sex as a way to escape from a prison, or from a land that is hostile towards them. And there are others, such as professional impersonators, and actors — like Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon who dressed as women in the movie "Some Like it Hot" — who masquerade for theatrical purposes. But those referred to here, are transvestites — individuals who enjoy wearing the clothing

of the female sex, and have an irresistible urge to do so at intervals.

Unless they admit their strange desires, transvestites have no special characteristics that give them away. Other than their feminine inclinations, which they successfully mask during their activities in the everyday world, they are like anyone else and go about unrecognized.

True transvestites have a bisexual temperament. They have two natures — one that is male and one that is female, though it is generally the latter that is pre-



dominant. For all their femininity, however, they are as a rule, heterosexual. As psychoanalyst Robert Lindner points out in *Must You Conform?* a male can have feminine traits and not necessarily be homosexual. In fact, femininity and homosexuality have no connection with each other.

"The homosexual must not be confused with the transvestite," says Professor Salvador Ibanez of Mexico City. "The former hates and fears women, while the latter bears a secret resentment against the world for not having been born a female. The homosexual minces and swishes in order to convince himself that women aren't really necessary, whereas transvestites — if they do act effeminate — would find themselves at a loss if Dior were to shut up shop."

Dr. Will Erich-Wellens of Cologne, comments similarly: "A

transvestite is not a homosexual. There has been much recording of incidents where fathers and husbands indulge themselves in their secret urge to wear female dress; yet their copulative desires remain focused upon their wives."

Due to the way they are brought up in our society — as to what is "masculine" and "feminine," and "right" or "normal," a great many wives find it impossible to continue living with a husband who is a transvestite. It is beyond their ability to understand that a male can be a man in the full sense of the term, and *at the same time* enjoy doing, and wearing, "feminine" things. That everyone has both male and female traits, and that there exist various degrees of differences in these traits between the sexes, is something that very many people seem to be unaware of.

That's why a number of male transvestites who want to marry a second time, tell their girl-friends in advance about their secret impulses.

The fortunate few who find understanding women who can accept their deviation often have a happy marriage. Such is the case with "Charlene" of Hawaii. He says: ". . . We have been married ten years now . . . the happiest ten years of my whole life. I wear my things whenever I like. My wife will permit me to wear nothing but nightgowns to bed . . . she says she has become so accustomed to feeling my silk and lace next to her that she would feel strange and uncomfortable if I wore anything else. She buys all of my things and seems to enjoy shopping for me. We are very happy . . ."

Another case is that of "Gerald-

ine," who recalls that when he was a child he got a kick out of putting on his mother's things. In response to an urge to acquire something feminine — when he was 19 — he bought some silk stockings and a pair of beautiful black patent leather shoes with 3½ inch heels, and took to wearing them in the privacy of his room.

"From there," he confesses, "I progressed to buying complete outfits. Strangely enough, it was a girl friend who egged me on to a fuller enjoyment of transvestism. It happened that I was developing something of a bay window, and she suggested that I wear a corset. I took her at her word."

"The next time I showed up for a date, I was wearing — under my regular clothes — lace panties, a girdle and a brassiere, and sheer nylons. I told her, and she insisted that I strip down to these essentials. She admired my dainty garments — or rather, the sight I made in them — until I thought she would swoon with pleasure.

"From that time on, whenever I dated her and we were alone, I'd dress up in my girl's things. She'd treat me like another girl, and I don't know of anything I ever enjoyed more.

". . . I am married and my wife and I are ideally adjusted in our sex relations . . . My wife, whom I love very much, knows all about my transvestism, and has even made me gifts of feminine things. Our relations, most of the time, are normal. But sometimes I put on something feminine, and we experience a special kind of gratification in changing roles, as she becomes the aggressor and makes passionate love to me . . ."

As they are seldom aggressive,

male transvestites are often — not always — attracted to women of the dominant type. Many of them are masochists and like to be dominated, or even abused, by forceful females.

The female supervisor of a large New York office, for example, revealed to me that in her home she is the mistress, and her husband, the "slave." "He has a complete outfit to wear," she told me, "while he serves me hand and foot as my personal lady's maid — high-heeled sandals, 38 inch nylons, a cinch-type garter belt, bra, lace-trimmed step-ins, and a professional uniform — all black."

Another mistress informed me that when she disciplines her husband, she makes him put on a wig, lipstick and earrings, in addition to a short satin skirt and a pair of rose-colored bloomers. For serious offenses she treats him as if he were a naughty little girl, and gives him a spanking.

What causes transvestism?

We can only guess as to the most primal roots of transvestism, but we know that there are several ways in which it can be triggered.

Most frequently it results from faulty upbringing. Particularly where a mother — from a disappointment in not having had a daughter — dresses a son in feminine clothes, and teaches him girlish ways during his early formative years.

Such a boy may become so attached or conditioned to the feel of dresses and soft, frilly underthings, that even though he discards them in later years, he may find himself with recurring impulses to wear them again.

"B. K." of Boston is an example. It was not his mother, but another

woman (as in Geraldine's case) who played a part in getting him conditioned to cross-dressing.

"When I was a little boy," he tells us, "an older girl dressed me in some of her clothing. This incident has influenced my entire life since then. I have an incessant desire to dress up as a girl and as I grow older this desire grows with me."

Psychologically, some transvestites may have these desires because they have a subconscious recollection of having been more demonstrably loved and cared for during those times when they were dressed in feminine clothing. Others may feel inadequate or dissatisfied, having to cope with the madly competitive life they face as males. Unconsciously they may wish to "escape" by becoming females — who, to their way of thinking, have an all-in-all easier life.

The famed British psychologist, Havelock Ellis, preferred to call these persons, "Eonists," and their condition, "Eonism." He coined these names after Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont — an 18th century diplomat and spy who served his country for years, attired as a beautiful woman.

In his *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, Ellis says: "On the psychic side, as I view it, the Eonist is embodying, in an extreme degree, the esthetic attribute of imitation of, and identification with, the admired object. It is normal for a man to identify himself with the woman he loves. The Eonist carries the identification too far — stimulated by a sensitive and feminine element in himself which is associated with a rather defective virile sexuality, on what may be a

neurotic basis."

Confirming this viewpoint, the late Dr. Kinsey stated that "psychologically, transvestism depends upon an individual's erotic attraction for the opposite sex. A male, for instance, may be so attracted to females that he wishes to be permanently identified with them, as another female might live with them."

A beautiful illustration of this admiration of the fair sex, and the desire to identify with them, is to be found in a letter from "K" — a transvestite who resides in California. He writes:

"I worship women as strange gods (I think 'god' is a more universal word than 'goddess'). To be owned — possessed, by a woman is an ambition with which I deeply sympathize.

"But if one cannot find a true goddess to worship, one can at least join them symbolically. What





MEN WHO WEAR FEMALE ATTIRE . . .

do the dear goddesses wear to adorn their bodies? What delicate material touches their legs? What magnetic symbol envelopes their adored bodies? Let my body be also so enveloped. If my fortune is good, this vestment of the gods will make me — spiritually at least — one of them. (Is it blasphemy to want to rise to such heights — to be a woman?)

Is it really a wonder that some men can so idealize women — especially today when their beauty and their charms are so highly prized and extolled?

Since the importance of feminine fashions and feminine glamour are so strongly stressed — and since a person's attraction to the opposite sex generally involves seeing members of that sex, clothed or partly so, it is really small wonder that many persons come to associate certain articles of attire with erotic pleasure. We know that almost anything is capable of being a fetish — or erotic symbol, and that some very impressionable people can be so emotionally attached to an object that their fetishism can become a substitute for physical love when the latter is for some reason unavailable.

This — fetishism — is another possible reason for transvestism. Dr. Harry Benjamin of New York City, says, "If a man, for instance, wears under his suit a feminine corset, or panties, or long stockings, he may just want to be close to his beloved fetish. In other cases, such action may be a compromise for the transvestite."

Dr. Reginald Townsend of Glasgow, says: "Women wear perfume to provoke sexual desire in

males and female clothing certainly is designed primarily from a sexual point-of-view. It should not be surprising, therefore, that some men are so strongly stimulated by female apparel and accoutrements that they carry it to an extreme — although a logical extreme in this context — and need to wear the garment."

A particular kind of dress, pair of shoes, petticoat, or item of lingerie, may have such an exceptional attraction to some males that it may be what starts them on the road to becoming a full-fledged Eonist. For one fellow the attraction was bloomers.

"When I was very young," he confided, "I thrilled to the first sight of a pair of dainty bloomers, unconsciously revealed by a girl in my class at school. Bloomers, especially pink ones, with elastic bands around the thighs excited me beyond expression.

"The time came, of course, when I could no longer resist to see how they felt. The very sight and feel of them — soft, silk, and pink, as I posed before a mirror, left me trembling with emotion and pleasure.

"I am 35 now, and I have worn bloomers constantly for the past 16 years. My fullest satisfaction comes when I wear bloomers under a complete feminine costume. But, when this is not possible, I wear them under my regular clothes."

Eonists or transvestists have always existed throughout history, but it is only recently that science has been giving their behavior close attention.

Scientists have learned some indisputable facts about their con-

dition, and many agree as to the psychological explanations that we have mentioned, but some of them believe that all cases have a purely biological basis. Those who adhere to this belief say that transvestism is a kind of intersexuality — an intermedias sex which is based on hereditary and glandular factors. At present it is impossible to know if they are right or not. Since proof for their viewpoint is difficult to obtain, it is one that is largely confined to speculation and theory.

The matter of cure is difficult too. Prevention seems to be the only cure, and one of the best ways to strive for this is to see that a male youngster is brought up in an environment where men are present in his life, so that they can offset any tendency to too much feminizing influence. A father, male relative, male teacher, or male friend must be in the child's life to help him develop masculine interests and desires.

Once a conditioning for cross-dressing has occurred, however, it is generally too late.

For after all — let's face it — the feel of smooth, soft things like satin or silk or lace, is not at all unpleasant to anyone, and to expect one to want to give up the pleasure of wearing garments made of these materials — after the habit has become established — is asking a lot. We should recognize, too, that the choice of materials, and the cut of clothing for each sex is something that varies according to time and place. It is a false, artificial idea to think that bright colors, cosmetics, or dainty garments can only be fitting or appealing to women, and not to men.

Quite a number of men, for example, wear silk shirts and silk underwear. And they enjoy doing so. That they do doesn't mean that they are "sick" or any the less masculine. Can we say that such men should be — or could be, "cured" of their habit or desire? If not, can we say — with consistency — that a transvestist should be "cured" — because he goes a bit further and prefers most or all of his garments to be of silk (or other fabric) and cut in the feminine style?

Normal, neurotic, or just plain eccentric, transvestists must dress the way they want to. Psychiatrists tell us that true transvestists cannot suppress their urges for very long without becoming miserable. Without an outlet for the feminine side of their dual nature they become depressed, and this of course, adversely affects their work and personal relationships. History has shown that the compulsions of the transvestite can be so intense that suicide may follow if there is no opportunity for their expression.

In view of this and the fact that thousands of ostensibly normal women go about in public dressed in *masculine* attire — and without censure — one school of specialists is considering whether or not male transvestists should be allowed more leeway.

As Eugene B. Willard points out, in *The Lawyer*, it is a criminal offense for men to dress as women while it is not so if women dress as men. "The popular attitude toward the male transvestist is usually hostile, toward the female just the opposite."

Walker and Fletcher, the authors of *Sex and Society*, say:

"When doctors are able to do as little for patients as we are able to do for these cases of transvestism, it would be better for us perhaps to make efforts in another direction. Instead of treating the patients themselves, we might treat with more profit the society which makes it so difficult for them."

According to sociological surveys, there are ten million transvestists in the United States. And here, and in Europe the number is increasing.

Is this partly due to the fact that more than ever, women are taking over — that they are becoming increasingly more dominant and powerful, while men are becoming less masculine and more passive?

In our modern times it has become more of a truism that it is the women who "wear the pants." Is it inevitable — or in the offing, that on the other side of the picture, more and more men will "wear the panties" — literally as well as figuratively?

THE END



THE GAME OF GAMS

Check your answers to this fascinating quiz! If you guessed at least nine right, consider yourself an Expert Legologist! Six to eight correct matchups, you're an Above Average

Gam Gazer! Three to five—you'd better do a little homework, but you show talent. Less than three right? Brother, our advice is, you need to spend at least ten hours a week sitting in the park on a windy day!

ANSWERS

(1) *Tanya*

(Female Impersonator)—Score yourself an extra point if you got this one!



(2) *Jackie Miller*

(Pick-up Model)





(3) *Lynne Carroll*
(*Sophia Loren's Stand-in*)



(5) *Baby Lake*
(*Show Gal*)



(4) *Diane Donald*
(*Niteclub Singer*)

More Gorgeous Gams On The Next Page!



(6) Marion Petty
(Hosiery Model)



(8) Alice Denham
(Writer)



(7) Jennifer Jordan
(Computer Operator)



(9) Lounie Young
(Animal Trainer)



(11) Heather Christie
(Actress)



(10) Hannah
(Israeli Soldier)



(12) Hope Diamond
(Stripper)



LEGS from LETTERS

"CONGRATULATIONS"

September, 1962

Dear Selbee Associates:

Just finished reading your first issue of LEG SHOW. Wow! It's a knockout from cover to cover!

My wife and I got a big kick out of playing your "Game of Gams." She, by the way, has a terrific pair of legs, herself. Enclosed is a snapshot of her. If you could print it in your next issue we would both appreciate it.

Sure hope you'll keep on putting out your terrific magazine. Is LEG SHOW the only one, or do you publish other titles?

Also, would like to know where you find all those stunning models? Most of them I never saw in the other "girlie" magazines.

Sincerely,
O. P. C.
Denver, Col.

(Selbee Associates also publishes "Satana," "High Heels," and "Striparama." Sorry, we can't



Mrs. O. P. C.

"COMPLAINTS"

September, 1962

Dear Editor:

Your first issue of LEG SHOW was a nice job, but I for one resent your snide remarks about the "bosom cult." Granted, the female leg is attractive, but no part of a woman's anatomy can compare with full, round, soft breasts.

These modern-day flat chested women leave me cold. I say, "Bring on the bazooms!"

... M. E. M., N.Y.C.

(To each his own! But take a gander at the full-chested Brenda De Nau in this issue — especially pages 28 and 29. — Ed.)

"TRANSFORMATION"

October, 1962

Dear LEG SHOW:

You're on the right track by giving us a magazine full of "gorgeous gams."

I had quite an argument with my girl friend about the subject of

divulge our source of models. It's a trade secret! But you can be sure all our publications are full of new models and neverbefore-printed photos. To be sure you're getting a genuine Selbee magazine, look for the little SA trademark in the corner on each cover. — Ed.)

From Bobby-sock to Beauty



...One...



...Two...



...Three!

high heels. She always wore "flats," which did nothing for her beautiful legs. Finally, I bought her a pair of custom-made shoes with five inch heels. When she saw how sexy they made her look, she was won over.

Enclosed are some photos showing her "before" and "after." Don't you agree that she looks like a different girl when she's "all dressed up?"

Yours truly,
G. F. D.
Chicago, Ill.

"FROM ENGLAND"

September, 1962

Dear Sirs:

During a recent trip to the States I picked up copies of your magazines, LEG SHOW and SATANA.

I noted with interest some of the "bizarre" types of costumes your models wear, such as extremely high heels, corsets, long gloves, and clothes of leather.

Evidently there are Americans who, like myself and a large number of the British, derive pleasure



from wearing and admiring such costumes.

Enclosed are some pictures of me in my favorite kind of "fetish" outfit — black rubber. I have a coat, gloves, dress and cape, and even underclothes — all made of the finest black rubber latex.

Since the advent of plastic and synthetic fabrics, it is very difficult to find garments made of genuine rubber. I have to have all mine especially made.

And there is no substitute for real rubber! It is soft, supple, waterproof, and can be made to fit like a second skin or to hang in gentle folds.

Sincerely,
Miss M. W.
London, England



"IN THE DOGHOUSE!"

October, 1962

Dear Editor:

Please be kind enough to print these two snapshots of my pretty young wife. She caught me reading your first issue of LEG SHOW and sulked for days because I was looking at other women's legs. I tried to explain that they're only pictures, that I have eyes only for her, but it did no good.

Maybe if her own photos are in your next issue, my wife will let me buy it. Please, get me out of the dog house!

Imploringly,
B. R. H.
Phoenix, Arizona

(We're always glad to bail out a fellow leg-lover. Besides, your wife has a pair of beauts! — Ed.)



SET-A
PROPS
AS OF THE MERMAIDS

PRODUCTION STU

STAG FI
SET-A
PROPS
AS OF THE



OK, GIRLS ... IN THIS SCENE YOU'RE DROWNING, SO LET'S MAKE IT SEXY!

CASE OF
The **LOST LEGS**

"HMM! THIS SOUNDS LIKE JUST THE JOB FOR ME! *BLOND MODEL, ATTRACTIVE, TALL, WELL BUILT.. TO POSE FOR SCULPTOR... MUST HAVE STURDY SHAPELY LEGS... APPLY GARDEN ARMS, PENTHOUSE APT."







... The cutie doing a little striptease to lead you through the last four pages of the printed word is Bonnie MacMillan, an uninhibited lass from Scotland ...

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Mimi



Fontana



Mimi Fontana is on the way up in the current crop of Italian starlets. In addition to her promising dramatic talents, Mimi possesses a fine contralto voice and — best of all — shapely LEGS!

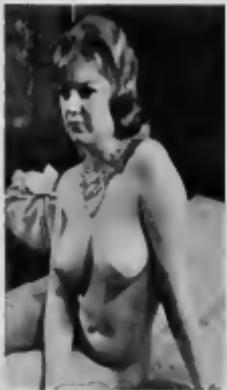








“Legs from London” No: 2...







The response to our featured "Legs from London" model in issue No. 1 was so large, we decided to give it a go another time. Our second Lorely from London is Kay Fitzimmons, a blonde with delectable milky-white complexion. She, too, rates high in the thigh category, but we couldn't resist showing a few other views of her sumptuous torso ...





—To a woman!

...begging Bonnie Logan
to cool off when she says that
she's gleam in her eye? She's
out one of the tantalizing
models featured in our com-
panion publication, SATANA,
out on the new favorite
adult bookshelf.

